

C 98-52



FACULTY OF MUSIC

presents

A Vocal Recital by

LOUIS QUILICO & CHRISTINA PETROWSKA

Monday, November 2, 1998

8 pm

Walter Hall

Free admission

98

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

99

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1998 AT 8:00 P.M.

WALTER HALL

LOUIS QUILICO, BARITONE

CHRISTINA PETROWSKA, PIANO

PROGRAMME

Borodin
(1833-1887)

Air du Prince Igor from *Prince Igor*

Rimsky-Korsakov
(1844-1908)

Romance Orientale

Gretchaninov
(1864-1956)

Triste est le Steppe

Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

Sérénade de Don Juan

Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

In the Silence of the Night

Duparc
(1848-1933)

L'invitation au Voyage
Le Manoir de Rosemonde
Chanson Triste
Phidylé

- INTERMISSION -

Loesser
(1910-1969)

From "Most Happy Fella"
--Rosabella
--Mama

Debussy
(1862-1918)

Beau Soir
Nuit d'étoiles

Tosti
(1846-1916)

Non t'amo piu
L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

Verdi
(1813-1901)

Eri tu from *Un Ballo in Maschera*

about the programme

ALEXANDER BORODIN

AIR DU PRINCE IGOR FROM *PRINCE IGOR*, ACT II.

LIBRETTO BY VLADIMIR STASSOV

Set in 12th century Russia, Borodin's *Prince Igor* is based on an old Russian chronicle. Prince Igor and his son, Vladimir, have been captured in battle by Khan Kontchak, leader of the Polovtzi. Kontchak has assured the Prince that he wishes only to enlist him as an ally and will release him if he promises not to fight against the Polovtzi. Igor, however, will not agree. Now, in his prison cell, Igor spends the long night planning his escape. For him, there is no sleep, no rest. Dawn will come, and he will see it. His time has come. Then his thoughts turn to his wife, who waits for him alone in her chamber.

NICOLAI RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

ROMANCE ORIENTALE

ORIGINAL POEM BY KOLTZOW

For love of the rose, the nightingale sings to her day and night, but the rose remains silent. Another lover sings to win her heart, but the charming one also ignores the langourous and sad songs which he sings to her through the night.

ALEXANDER TIKHONOVICH GRETCHANINOV

LA STEPPE EST LE STEPPE, OPUS 5, No. 1.

ORIGINAL POEM BY A. PLESCHTSHEVEFF

Sad are the Steppes where I travel. Not one flower smiles there. There are no green trees or bushes to shelter the birds. The dark night falls mournfully, not a star in the black sky. I no longer know those sweet words of love that on such a night you spoke to me, oh my beloved. You smiled tenderly. I saw you again and I believed that suddenly there were no more shadows in this place. The sweet songs of the nightingale rose through the perfumed forest. Around me a thousand flowers blossomed and all the heavens were radiant.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

SÉRÉNADE DE DON JUAN, OPUS 38, No. 1

ORIGINAL POEM BY A. K. TOLSTOY.

The horizon lights in Alpujari are golden. Come out, beloved, to the sound of my guitar. Anyone who challenges your beauty, I will challenge to a deadly duel. From Seville to Granada, the serenades resound in the quiet of the night; so, also, do the clashing swords resound. Much blood and many songs are poured out for women's love. For the one who is most beautiful, I will give my song and my blood. The moonlit sky is shining. Oh, come, Nisetta, come out to the balcony.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT, OPUS 4, No. 3

ORIGINAL POEM BY A. FET.

Oh, when the silent night holds me, I still can hear your timid artless words and feel your glance enfold me, your tresses, closely intertwined, yet fully obedient to my hand, the empire of your smile, now languish, now command. Vaguely I recall the troubled, unspoken, forgotten, tender vows, of faltering hearts the token. Then rapture fills me. My being is all aflame. I cry aloud to you, the night may hear your name.

HENRI DUPARC

L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE (1870)

TEXT: CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble.
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!
Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

LE MANOIR DE ROSEMONDE (1879)

TEXT: ROBERT DE BONNIÈRES

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu.
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace.
Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harcèle!
En passant par où j'ai passé!
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.
Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

INVITATION TO THE JOURNEY

My child, my sister,
think of the sweetness
of going there to live together.
To love at leisure,
to love and to die
in the land that resembles you!
The hazy suns
of these misty skies,
to my mind, have the charm,
so mysterious,
of your treacherous eyes,
sparkling through their tears.
There, everything is order and beauty,
luxury, calm and pleasure!
See, on those canals,
these sleeping ships
whose nature is to wander;
it is to satisfy
your slightest wish that
they have come from the ends of the world.
The setting suns
invest the fields,
the canals, the whole town,
with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep
in a warm light!
There, everything is order and beauty,
luxury, calm and pleasure!

ROSEMONDE'S MANOR

With its sudden and voracious tooth,
love, like a dog, has bitten me.
Following my spilled blood,
go, you will be able to follow my track.
Take a thoroughbred horse,
set out, and follow my arduous road,
marsh or lost pathway,
if the chase does not weary you!
Passing where I have passed,
you will see that, alone and wounded,
I have traveled this sorry world,
and that I thus went off to die
far away, far away, without discovering
the blue manor of Rosemonde.

CHANSON TRISTE (1868)

TEXT: JEAN LAHOR

DEDICATED TO M. LÉON MACSWINEY

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Pour fuir la vie importune
Je me noierai dans ta clarté
J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
mon amour.
Quand tu berceras mon triste cœur
et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras!
Tu prendras ma tête malade
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux.
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous.
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je guérirai . . .

PHIDYLÉ (1882)

TEXT: LÉONTE DE LISLE FROM POÈMS ET POÉSIES

DEDICATED TO ERNEST CHAUSSON

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues
Qui dans les prés en fleur
germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.
Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les
feuillages
me et t'invite au sommeil!
Par le trèfle et le thym,
Seule, sen plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages;
Un chaud parfum circule
au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile
la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.
Repose, ô Phidylé!
Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné
sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
Et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

SORROWFUL SONG

In your heart moonlight sleeps,
a soft summer moonlight,
and to escape this troublesome life,
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget past sorrows,
my love.
When you cradle my sad heart and my
thoughts
in the loving peacefulness of your arms!
You will hold my aching head,
oh! sometimes on your knees,
and you will recite a ballad
that will seem to speak of us,
and in your eyes, full of sorrows,
in your eyes that I shall drink
so many kisses and tender caresses
that perhaps I shall recover. . .

PHIDYLÉ

The grass is soft for sleeping
under the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which in the flowering meadows
arise in a thousand rills
to be lost under the dark thickets.
Rest, oh Phidylé! The midday sun
shines through the leaves
and invites you to sleep!
Among the clover and the thyme,
alone in the full sunshine,
the fickle bees are humming;
a warm perfume pervades
the winding pathways,
the red poppy of the cornfield droops,
and the birds, skimming the hillside on
the wing,
seek the shade of the sweet briars.
Rest, oh Phidylé!
But when the Sun, descending
on its brilliant curve,
finds its heat abated,
let your most beautiful smile
and your most ardent kiss
reward me for my waiting!

FRANK LOESSER
MOST HAPPY FELLA

Loesser's musical is a celebration of the close-knit community living and working in the Garden of Eden-like setting of the Napa Valley, the wine country of California. Tony, its gentle and compassionate Italo-American hero, is recognizable as the not-so-distant cousin of many baritone and buffo roles in the operatic cannon.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
BEAU SOIR
NUIT D'ÉTOILES

Nuit d'étoiles, memorable despite its derivative quality, is the composer's earliest known work. Debussy's youthful sensibility is apparent in the song's disarming insouciance; in the listener, however, the song induces a feeling of wistful

BEAU SOIR (1877-88)

TEXT: PAUL BOURGET

Lorsqu'au soleil couchant les rivières
sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède, frisson court sur les champs
de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble
sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé.
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être
au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que
le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons,
comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

NUIT D'ÉTOILES (1876)

TEXT: THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.
La serene mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur.
Et j'entends l'âme de m'amie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.
Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Louis Quilico has said of his celebrated portrayal: "I love this character because he reminds me of me. The music is inspirational and I am just as happy to sing Tony as Rigoletto." Tony's songs about the two women in his life reveal great capacity for love, as well as the *joie de vivre* which gives the musical its apt title.

nostalgia. In contrast, the complexities of musical color and harmonies which characterize the *Beau Soir*, written only two years later, are indicative of the composer's mature style and startling genius.

BEAUTIFUL NIGHT

When the rivers are rosy
in the setting sun,
And a mild shiver runs through the fields
of wheat
An exhortation to be happy seems to
emanate from Nature
And rise toward the troubled heart.
An exhortation to taste the charm of
existence in the world
While one is young and
the evening is beautiful,
Because we go from it,
as this wave itself goes from it:
It to the sea, we to the grave.

STARRY NIGHT

Starry night, under your veils,
Under your breeze and your perfume,
Sad lyre which sighs,
I dream of past loves.
Serene melancholy
Blossoms in the bottom of my heart.
And I hear the soul of my love
Flutter in the dreaming woods.
I see again in our fountain
Your glances, blue as the skies;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI

NON T'AMO PIU

L'ALBA SEPARA DALLA LUCE L'OMBRA

Contemporary audiences have found a renewed affinity with Tosti's intensely passionate songs. The composer's ballads, laments and laments, set in English, French and Italian texts, were heard in countless concert halls, cafes and parlors at the turn of the century and later became identified with the sentimentality of a forgotten era. Tosti, whose links to the music of the bel canto era were forged through his teacher, Mercadante, who served as teacher to the English royal family during the 1880s and 90s.

GIUSEPPE VERDI

ERI TU FROM *UN BALLO IN MASCHERA*, ACT III

Alone on stage, the courtier Renato, who believes that his wife has betrayed him with his best friend, gives vent to his anger and sorrow. The music of his aria traces his tormented call for vengeance that ultimately dissolves into the realization that his love for his wife, that which gave his life meaning, is lost forever.

After *Rigoletto*, Renato is the role with which Mr. Quilico is most identified. He has said that "there is something so personal about this role that I feel that Verdi has seen into my soul in writing Renato's arias."

about the artists

Canadian born LOUIS QUILICO, acclaimed leading baritone, has enjoyed a distinguished career for over forty years. In 1996-97 Mr. Quilico celebrated his twenty-fifth year at the Metropolitan Opera, where he has shared performances with such artists as Pavarotti, Domingo, Vickers, Scotto, Sills, Sutherland, and Tebaldi, among others. Although Quilico won the "Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air" in 1955, his debut that same year was with the New York City Opera in the role of Germont in *La Traviata* opposite Beverly Sills. There quickly followed performances in Italy's Spoleto Festival, and then his debut with Sutherland at London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden as Germont in *La Traviata*, where he was a member of the company from 1960-63. Although his extensive repertoire is over eighty roles, Mr. Quilico has become strongly identified as the "ultimate singing actor" in over 510 performances of *Rigoletto* which was his debut role in Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre in 1962 before Soviet Premier Andrei Gromyko. Louis Quilico has performed all the leading baritone roles in most of the major opera houses throughout the world, including San Francisco, Vienna Staatsoper, Paris Opera, Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires, Fenice and Rome, among others. His telecasts in "Live from the Met" are seen throughout North America in more than a dozen roles. Mr. Quilico has sung with many of the world's leading conductors, including Borys Bonyng, Prêtre, Rudel, Fournet, Abbado and Patane. Following his telecast of *Rigoletto* at the Met with Pavarotti, The New York Times wrote, "*Louis Quilico as Rigoletto was at the center of the drama-his passions and fears could be heard in his voice as well as seen in face and body.*" Mr. Quilico has made several recordings including Bellini's *I Puritani* on Angel Records with Rudel conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and Maria Stuarda with Sills and Domingo, also on Angel. His video performances include *Un Ballo in Maschera* with Pavarotti and Ricciarelli under Patane and *Don Carlo* with Domingo and Freni, and James Levine conducting. In 1993, Mr. Quilico married Christina Petrowska, a celebrated pianist. Since then they have recorded two compact discs, made a teaching video and have given recitals on CBC radio and television, in Philadelphia, and at New York's Merkin Hall, Toronto's Ford Centre and Montreal's Place des Arts, among others. Mr. Quilico has been awarded the highest award granted by the Canadian Government-Companion of the Order of Canada.

Hailed for her "intelligent playing, brilliant technique and refined sensitivity," CHRISTINA PETROWSKA has established herself as one of Canada's foremost pianists. A graduate of The Juilliard School, where she studied with Rosina Lhevinne, she has toured widely in Europe, North America, the Middle East and Greece. Renowned for her seamless technique and interpretive clarity, she has been called "an

extraordinary talent" by The New York Times and "an astonishing pianist...particularly gifted as an interpreter of contemporary music. Christina Petrowska has premièred hundreds of works written for her by leading Canadian, American and European composers.

She was a prizewinner at the first International American Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. Her recording "Virtuoso Piano Music of Our Time" on the JLH Label made its debut on the Space Shuttle Columbia with Canadian astronaut Steve Maclean. Her CBC CD of Glenn Buhr's Piano Concerto with the Winnipeg Symphony, Bramwell Tovey conductor, was nominated for a 1995 Juno Award and her première performance of Larysa Kuzmenko's Piano Concerto was a hit with the Winnipeg New Music Festival and with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, with Jukka Pekka Saraste conducting. Christina Petrowska is also an accomplished visual artist and writer. She is the author of *Opera Illustrated: An Artistic Odyssey* and *Mr. Rigoletto: In Conversation with Louis Quilico*, both published by Captus Press.

upcoming events

Tuesday, November 17, 1998 at 10 a.m. Room 130. Free admission.

Lecture and Masterclass with Bernard Turgeon

"Singing through Neuro-Linguistic Programming--what is it?"

Wednesday, November 25, 1998 at 2-4:30 p.m. Walter Hall. Free admission.

Masterclass with Helen Yorke, pianist

"The relationship between singers and pianists."

Thursday, January 21, 1999 at 12 p.m. Walter Hall. Free admission.

Soprano Lorna MacDonald, trumpeter Guy Few and pianist Che Anne Loewen perform works by Bach, Scarlatti, Gershwin and John Greer.

Tuesday, January 26, 1999 at 12 p.m. Walter Hall. Free admission.

Masterclass with Patricia Kern

"The 'Prose' and Cons of Handelian and Mozartean Recitatives"

Thursday, February 25, 1999 at 12 p.m. Walter Hall. Free admission.

Dalton Baldwin Voice Masterclass--Celebrating Poulenc.

Friday, February 26, 1999 at 8 p.m. Walter Hall. Tickets \$15/10.

"Songs We Love"--soprano Lorna MacDonald and pianist Dalton Baldwin recital that includes works by Schubert, Debussy, Obradors and Strauss.

Tuesday, December 1, 1998 at 12 p.m.

Tuesday, February 9, 1999 at 12 p.m.

Tuesday, March 16, 1999 at 12 p.m.

Tuesday, March 30, 1999 at 12 p.m.

Walter Hall. Free admission.

Vocal performances featuring the outstanding students of the voice program.